Duke. What is the matter ſir?

Lear. Ile tell thee; life and death! I am aſham'd that thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus, that theſe hot teares that breake from me perforce, ſhould make the worſt blaſts and fogs vpon the vntented woundings of a fathers curſſe; pierce euery ſence about the old fond eyes; beweepe this cauſe againe, ile pluck you out, & caſt with the waters that you make to temper clay; yea, i'ſt come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am ſure is kind and comfortable, when ſhee ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes ſhee'l flea thy woluiſh viſage, thou ſhalt find that ile reſume the ſhape, which thou doſt thinke I haue caſt off for euer, thou ſhalt I warrant thee.

Gon. Doe you marke that my Lord?

Duke. I cannot bee ſo partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you,

Gon. Come ſir no more; you, more knaue then foole, after your maſter?

Foole. Nunckle *Lear*, Nunckle *Lear*, tary and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and ſuch a daughter ſhould ſure to the ſlaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, ſo the foole follows after.

Gon. What *Oſwald*, ho. *Oſwald.* Here Madam,

Gon. What haue you writ this letter to my ſiſter?

Oſw. Yes Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto add ſuch reaſons of your owne, as may compact it more; get you gon, & haſten your returne: now my Lord, this milkie gentlenes, and courſe of yours though I diſlike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more taskt for want of wiſedome, then praiſe for harmfull mildnes.

Duke. How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell; ſtriuing to better ought, we marre whats well.

Gon. Nay then. *Duke.* Well, well, the euent, *Exeunt*

Enter Lear.

Lear. Goe you before to *Gloſter* with theſe letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not ſpeedie, I ſhall be there before you. *Kent.*

Kent. I will not ſleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your letter. *Exit*

Foole. If a mans braines were in his heeles, wert not in danger of kibes? *Lear.* I boy.

Foole. Then I prethe be mery, thy wit ſhal nere goe ſlipſhod.

Lear. Ha ha ha.

Foole. Shalt ſee thy other daughter will vſe thee kindly; for though ſhees as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tel.

Lear. Why what canſt thou tell my boy?

Foole. Sheel taſt as like this, as a crab doth to a crab; thou canſt not tell why ones noſe ſtande in the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why, to keep his eyes on either ſide's noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, a may ſpie into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Canſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell? *Lear.* No.

Foole. Nor I neither, but I can tell why a ſnayle has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why, to put his head in, not to giue it away to his daughter, and leaue his hornes without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature, ſo kind a father; be my horſes readie?

Foole. Thy Aſſes are gone about them, the reaſon why the ſeuen ſtarres are no more then ſeuen, is a prettie reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Foole. Yes thou wouldſt make a good foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce, Monſter, ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my foole Nunckle, id'e haue thee beate for being old before thy time.

Lear. Hows that?

Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not haue beene old, before thou hadſt beene wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad ſweet heauen! I would not be mad, keepe me in temper, I would not be mad, are the horſes readie?

Seruant. Readie my Lord. *Lear.* Come boy. *Exit.*

Foole. Shee that is maide now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maide long, except things be cut ſhorter. *Exit*